

## THE CLARION.

### Republican Tariff Reform.

We must reform the tariff—who but we?  
 But not reduce the taxes,  
 Because our present mission seems to be  
 To grind some private axes.  
 Cries for reform come up from all the land,  
 From every section;  
 But we can only hear the big brass band  
 That plays "Protection."  
 Reform the tariff? Did we not ordain  
 A grand Commission  
 To put the question off, and thus make plain  
 Our fixed position?  
 True, that Commission was a little more  
 Than mere obstruction,  
 And showed that on the schedule we could  
 score  
 A slight reduction.  
 But infant industries in swaddling bands,  
 Loudly beseeching,  
 To us their little, fat, and dimpled hands  
 Are still outstretching  
 The same old drink that they have often  
 quaffed  
 We now must stir up,  
 And cure their colic with a goodly draught  
 Of soothing syrup.  
 Thus is the talk of evils that demand  
 A quick correction  
 Drowned by the music of the big brass band  
 That plays "Protection." —[N. Y. Sun.]

### WHITE SLAVES AT THE NORTH.

#### The Horrors of Labor Under Pennsylvania "Protection."

A GHASTLY PICTURE OF VICE AND PAUPERISM—LEGISLATION FOR THE RICH AND AGAINST THE POOR—SOUTHERN SLAVERY PREFERABLE TO THE FROZEN CHARITY OF NORTHERN CAPITAL—THE END OF IT ALL, REVOLUTION.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

The section of the Republican party still represented in Congress, is casting about like a drowning man catching at straws, for some way out of the predicament in which it finds itself by its own volition. A fit of puerile desperation compels it to take up the Democratic demand for reform in the civil service. There is no evidence of a change of heart. It is only a change of chin. We have had a multitude of promises in the last fifteen years, but how much genuine reformation have we got for our money?

#### THE GREAT CURSE OF TWENTY YEARS

Of Republican reign has been class legislation. Class legislation is that intricate system of laws and the administration of laws which have but one tendency—to make the rich richer and the poor poorer—to create millionaires and beggars. When I am told by an eminent protectionist of Pennsylvania that it is proposed to establish a protectionist club in that legislative body known as the American Congress, for the purpose of more completely furthering this class legislation, I am left to wonder how much further such men dare go and not bring thundering down upon them the wrath and violence of

#### THE PLUNDERED PEOPLE.

The mere brazen audacity of the moneyed power often carried it over dangerous ground, where to falter would be to sink. I can think of no more brazen impudence than that which claims special legislation for millionaire manufacturers as a protection to American labor. When I was on a political tour in Pennsylvania, last summer, I had occasion to pass through the coal regions of the Northeastern section of the State. I met a very intelligent workman on the cars one day who pointed out the objects of interest along the valley with which he was familiar. He had lived among the coal-miners of Pittston and Carbonate and among the iron-workers of Pittsburgh for twenty years. The story he recounted of the gradual degradation of American labor during that time, was something

#### PITIFUL AND ASTONISHING.

He pointed out the "company stores" that loomed up wherever we passed a breaker, and described with the minute distinctness born of personal and bitter experience, the indignities and hardships to which the laborers were subjected. He showed how the rich mine-owners, with a quarter of a million in a single shaft, screwed down the miners year by year, lower and lower, and raked in their slender earnings by their "store-order" system. I asked him something about the relative prosperity of owners and workers. He replied bitterly that capital was

#### ALWAYS STRONG ENOUGH

to take care of itself, and no one ever dreamed of legislation for labor. I went down among the mines with this man and saw that he had not overrated the hardships of the miner or characterized too strongly their unfortunate condition. It is the popular idea that American slavery was abolished with the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. There never was a worse system of slavery than that which prevails in Pennsylvania and in the great manufacturing centres.

#### THESE ARE WHITE SLAVES.

Too, born to toil for millionaires and to die in hovels and workhouses. On every hand in Pennsylvania, from Pittsburgh to Scranton, the palaces of the protected rise grandly by the myriad tenements of pauperized labor. There is no theory, however, demonstrable on paper that can refute the cold logic of these facts. Labor has been going down hill all over this country and

#### THE MILLIONAIRE MASTER

Lords it over a race of white slaves. I thought of this when I beheld the magnificent residence of Mr. Henry Oliver, near Pittsburgh, and saw his iron-workers gathered moodily about the streets, because their wages had been reduced below the cost of decent living. Oliver is the maker of the tariff on metals, in which he speculates. Oliver grew rich, with hundreds of other iron-masters, on a protective tariff, and his laborers, and theirs have become poorer and poorer until the old are

#### CARRIED TO PAUPER'S GRAVES.

And the young fill the dens of vice or are dying by inches like their sires. There is something horrible in all this, for what is in the future? I shall never

shake off the vision of a Pennsylvania poor-house in the mining region, where out under the orchard trees men were chained like wild animals. They were pauper miners once—they were now raving maniacs, naked, covered with their own filth, manacled and chained to the trees! A little further on were the white slaves yet in possession of their reason, chained to cars,

#### IN RAGS, BLACK AND GRIMY.

With the carbon sweat of the shaft and the level. I asked my pilot how long such men lived. "Not many years," said he. "These men for the most part do not taste meat more than once a week. You see that immense mountain of refuse slate and coal from the breakers! It used to be that every miner going home was welcome to his lump of coal, such as he could carry. Men could be seen going to their homes, each with his lump of coal on his shoulder. Now they must pay for their own fuel. They would be arrested by the company's watchman and tried and

#### CONVICTED BEFORE THE COMPANY'S COURT

Should they even pick up a little refuse from the foot of that mountain. They used to save a little money, but now the life of a miner of coal or iron in this State, is hopeless slavery. On the other hand, the men who own these properties are growing richer every year."

#### "WHAT WILL BE THE END

Of all this?" I asked, curious to see what was in this man's mind.

"There can be but one end."

"And what is that?"

"Revolution!"

"There is then in your opinion no remedy short of this?"

"There is a remedy, but it will not be applied," was the quick response. "The men who make the laws, the men who administer the laws also represent the men who own these mines and work these mines. The masters drive their voters to the polls in droves. The servants of these masters are in Congress, are always in political power in the State and nation. No man, no newspaper in this State, dare even proclaim the facts and hope to continue in public life. Republican and Democrat alike in Congress are the servants of Pennsylvania capital. That is why I see no hope of redress. On the contrary, I expect to see everything go on in this way until it is simply reduced to

#### A QUESTION OF BLOOD OR BREAD.

In the South the slave-owner, no matter how brutal he might be, at least fed and cared for his slaves. There isn't a man among the sweating thousands in the mines and furnaces, but might die of starvation or exposure before one of these rich owners would abate a jot of his requirements. Now this will go on until we have another panic. Capital will take care of itself and close shop and reduce wages. Then you will see a small fire kindled that will rise higher and higher and sweep the country

#### LIKE A WHIRLWIND.

Before this the possessions of some of these millionaires, the Vanderbilts of the coal and iron trade, will go down in ruin. It will carry down the innocent and guilty alike. It will be the French revolution over again, involving capital and labor alike in one common destruction. That is my opinion."

I am reminded at this incident of a few weeks in Pennsylvania, by the announcement that we are to have a protectionist ring within the wheel of Congress, banded together for the further "protection" of American capital.

#### Peace and Independence the Supreme Desire of the Confederate States.

The following letter, written by President Jefferson Davis, to three members of the Legislature of Maryland, in the early days of the war of the rebellion, has just been made public:

MONTGOMERY, 25th May, 1861.—GENTLEMEN:—I receive with sincere pleasure the assurance that the State of Maryland sympathizes with the people of these States in their determined vindication of the rights of self-government, and that the people of Maryland "are enlisted with their whole hearts on the side of reconciliation and peace." The people of these Confederate States, notwithstanding their separation from their sister States, have not ceased to feel a deep solicitude in her welfare, and to hope that at no distant day a State whose people, habits and institutions are so closely related and assimilated with theirs, will seek to unite her fate and fortunes with those of this Confederacy. The Government of the Confederate States receive with respect the suggestion of the State of Maryland, "that there should be a general cessation of hostilities now impending until the meeting of the Congress in July next, in order that said body may, if possible, arrange for an adjustment of existing troubles by means of negotiations rather than the sword," but is at a loss how to reply, without a repetition of the language it has used on every possible occasion that has presented itself since the establishment of its independence. In deference to the State of Maryland, however, it again asserts, in the most emphatic terms, that its sincere and earnest desire is for peace; that while the Government would readily entertain any proposition from the Government of the United States tending to a peaceful solution of the pending difficulties, the recent attempts of this Government to enter into negotiations with that of the United States, were attended with results which forbid any renewal of proposals from it to that Government. If any further assurance of the desire of this Government for peace were necessary, it would be sufficient to observe that, being formed of a confederation of sovereign States, each acting and deciding for itself, the right of every other sovereign State to the same self-action and self-government, is necessarily acknowledged. Hence, conquests of other States are wholly inconsistent with the fundamental principles, and subversive of the very organization of this Government. Its policy can not but be peace—peace with all nations and peoples. Very respectfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Messrs. McKaig, Yellott and Harding, Committee of Maryland Legislature.

### Lea's Experiment.

It was not a Rip Van Winkle sleep in which Jack Loring was indulging, lazily stretched on the green sward in the heart of the Catskills; or if it were, the charm with him had worked more kindly than the old legend, for there were no silver threads among the brown in the close-cropped head of hair, or the silken moustache; no signs of age in the lines of the handsome face in its perfect, statue-like repose; no shrinking in the splendid stature, which required so much space for its grassy bed.

The hound, too, watching at his side, was wide eyed and active; the gun, on which one hand rested, untrussed and of the newest make.

It was at this juncture that another figure appeared upon the scene. Through the trees there peeped a bright mischievous face, wonderfully pretty as it lighted up with an inner light, such as the sun sheds, scattering the darkness from the earth.

It was an arch, lovely face, changing with each moment, as its expression changed. Just now the expression was of incredulous surprise, for, even in this hasty glance, Lea Danmore recognized that the unconscious sleeper was no one belonging to this region, but evidently a wanderer from the city to the heart of the deep woods, in quest of idle amusement afforded by his gun and his dog.

She would have retreated as she came, but for the latter. Light as had been her step, his quick ear had caught it.

With a loud bark in his master's ear, as though he had given a human signal to awaken him, he sprang to his feet and toward her.

She must appear to him no hidden enemy and instantly she stepped in full sight, that he might not attack her.

The movement had the desired effect. He stopped, but stood before her with a low, ominous growl, just as the lazy blue eyes slowly opened and took in the picture.

A sudden flash drove the idle *cami* from them. Captain Loring sprang to his feet.

"Quiet, Cato!" he called. "Come here, sir!"

The dog, obeying, turned and crouched at his side. The young officer courteously bowed.

"I am very sorry if my dog has frightened you," he said; "but he is a faithful watcher, and I dare say scented danger."

There seemed a second thought, a hidden meaning, in these latter words, for a covert smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"Indeed!" she answered. "Simply this and nothing more. It was one word, but it held a volume. The tone was tinged with sarcasm, infected with scorn, condescending in its own superiority. Certainly, if Jack Loring had expected an answer, it was not this."

No girl in a New York drawing-room could have been more cool, more admirably self-possessed. The sudden blush, for which he had looked, the stammering, reply, were wanting.

He scrutinized her more closely. She would bear scrutiny. She wore a dress of blue calico, he decided; but what mattered the material which revealed the exquisite figure which it so closely and perfectly fitted? The foot peeping from beneath it, spite of its mountain shoe, was small and beautifully shaped; her hand equally so in its neat glove.

Jack decided, mentally, that though he had lost his way, and had had little use for gun or ammunition since the early dawn, when he had set off from the camp, he had discovered in the mountain better game than that of which he had ventured in search.

Evidently this girl was not unused to admiration in her mountain home. Certainly she was pretty enough to compel it anywhere. And Jack had been on the plains for three long years, where pretty women were not always to be found. He had only recently been ordered to a home-station.

"But, by Jove," he was apt to say, "it's more dangerous than the Indian's fire! Never saw so many pretty girls in my life; but I can't marry a rich one for my money, or a poor one without, since I've nothing but my pay, and I don't think my heart is equal to the sacrifice of making it do the work of two, which always leaves me short now for one."

It was, perhaps, for this reason that he was ready to join a party of friends setting out on a camping-tour, ignoring the regrets this course occasioned, and steeling his conscience to forget the different one he had led many to anticipate.

In fact, at this juncture, it is quite necessary to state that Captain Jack Loring, of the Thirteenth Regulars, was an inveterate flirt, and was supposed to have done more damage, from his cadet days to the present time, than any officer in the army. And here a little country maiden had supplanted him.

"Do you know," he continued, "that I believe I have lost my way? How far am I from Gordon's Gulch?"

"Sixteen miles," she answered, and turned away.

"Sixteen miles?" he cried, after her, "and the sun sinking! It is impossible to walk that distance. Is there no place nearer where I can get shelter for the night?"

"Perhaps Uncle Silas will give you a bed."

"You mean the uncle with whom you live?"

"With whom I am staying—yes."

"May I accompany you there?"

"Certainly," she answered. And, picking up his gun, he followed as she led the way.

For the first time in his life, Jack Loring discovered that his fascinations seemed of no avail. City belles, in every instance where he had killed it so, had fallen a victim to his wiles. This little country rustic seemed utterly impervious; every shaft he sent out was returned to him, bent with the rebuff of a sarcasm so delicate, so refined, that it was difficult to give it a name.

At last a long, low farm-house came in view. When they reached it, the girl opened the door and entered. An old farmer stood washing his hands in a tin basin. In the same room a table was neatly spread for tea.

"Uncle Silas," said Lea, her voice richer and sweeter, Jack noticed, than when it had addressed him, "this gentleman has been overtaken by darkness. Will you provide him with a bed and supper?"

"Certainly," the old man answered, and, turning, extended a hearty welcome, with an apology for all discomfort. "As for Miss Lea, here—"

But instantly she glided to his side, and whispered something in his ear which caused him, though he left the sentence unfinished, to laugh heartily.

In after days, in after months, in after years, Jack Loring often looked back to this evening. He pictured the fable, with Uncle Silas at his head, Aunt Hannah (who gave him so kind a welcome) at his foot, and the bright young face, opposite him, of such rare, piquant loveliness.

The supper was a simple one, but never had he so enjoyed a Delmonico feast; and afterward he and Miss Lea had talked until the clock struck ten, which for her, she said, was a late hour. He could hardly believe it, as he looked at his watch to corroborate the statement.

Where could this girl have been educated that no discordance of speech, no ignorance jarred his ear?

She asked him of his life, and he told her more frankly than he had often talked. He fancied she treated him more kindly when she learned he was a soldier.

"And a bachelor, of course," he added.

"It's a good thing I'm not over-susceptible, for I couldn't marry a girl without money, you know, nor would I wish to make money a consideration; so I live my life as it is, and find I have little to regret."

"But suppose you fell in love with a poor girl?"

"I'd fall out," he laughed.

"No, no! I mean a serious passion, which she returned?"

"We'd weep, and—part," she persisted.

"I'd like to see you tried," she retorted, and bade him good-night.

The next morning he found himself looking forward to seeing her with a pleasurable anticipation uncommon to him, but which the realization fully fulfilled.

Lea was more charming in her manner. There was a fascination in all she said or did, until Uncle Silas painted the glories of the sport within a radius of ten miles about the farm. Jack suddenly discovered an immense longing to try it.

"Would you put me up for the night now and then?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, and give you a hearty welcome," said his host, remembering the liberal compensation he already had received.

"May I come?" he whispered to Lea; and she, with a faint blush on her lovely cheek, answered, "Yes."

Many a city belle was hoping for his presence at some fashionable resort. To many he had given ground for hope, but all this had been forgotten. Would it be so with this latter promise?

So far as he was concerned, he could give no ready answer.

Within three days he was again a claimant to Uncle Silas' hospitality. This time, Lea, too, extended to him a welcome, half-sweet, half-sally, which rendered her in his eyes more bewitching than before.

The days passed, and still he stayed on. The game went unmolested in their haunts. He suddenly developed a preference for fishing, for in these excursions Lea could accompany him.

Where was this leading him? In his heart of hearts was set a code of honor pure and spotless as the stars. He knew he could never tarnish it; but sometimes he fancied Lea was learning to love him, and how would it be when he left her? One day he asked her:

"Will you miss me when I am gone? Positively, next week, I must go back to the city."

"Yes, I shall miss you," she replied, and he noted that her cheek was colorless.

It smote him with quick, contrite pain.

"I had best go now," he said. "Lea, in all my life I never so longed to be a rich man, that I might let my lips say what my heart has already said."

"Indeed!" she answered.

The cold, cutting infection of the one word, repeated now, recalled to him the first time she had answered him. It almost maddened him.

"Lea," he said, in a sudden impulse, "I love you. Be my wife."

"I said that I would like to see you tried," she murmured.

He threw her hand from him.

"You have been but trying an experiment, then—making my heart your toy?"

"No! I—I think I care for you a little; but you are carried away by impulse, and a momentary infatuation. You would regret this, later. Remember your pride of birth—your need of fortune."

"You would grace a throne, my darling, let alone the poor home a soldier can offer you. But you shall never want for anything my means can give you. Oh, Lea, how poor a fellow I was to talk of sacrifice. Nothing could be sacrificed which was for your dear sake! Will you marry me, darling, and make me the proudest, happiest man on the face of the broad earth?"

"I will promise nothing," she answered, gravely; "and I insist that you consider yourself in no wise bound by honor to repeat these words. Let us part for six months. If at the end of that time you still love me, come and tell me so."

"Six months!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Six eternities! Lea, this is cruel."

But she stood firm.

"I will put them to good use, then, dearest," he replied; "in paying off old debts, and making no new ones. But, meantime, you will write me."

"Not a word, not a line. I wish the lesson, in memory or forgetfulness, to be complete."

"Remember, then, that in December next I come to claim my Christmas gift."

"We both are free," was all that she would say; and thus they parted.

To Jack Loring they were the longest

six months he had ever passed. With each day, each hour, he loved better this wild flower he had discovered and culled for his own. She had the charm of nature and the refinement of art. He loved her with a depth and passion surprising to himself.

The snow was piled high on the mountains when he returned to them; but the birds were singing in his heart as he mounted the hill and knocked on farmer Silas' door. Lea herself opened it. How beautiful she looked! but he noted, in some surprise, that she wore a costume of dark-green velvet, bordered with rich fur. He had never seen her before except in the simplest gowns.

"Lea," he said, "I have come" and he held out his arms.

"And I am ready," she answered, and hid her face upon his breast. "You are sure—quite sure you are not making a mistake?" she asked a little later.

He silenced the doubt with a kiss.

"You are extravagant, little one," he said, pointing to her dress. "I'm afraid we'll have to make it last a long time. Where do you get your wonderful style, Lea? No matter what you wear, your dresses look models of Parisian art."

"I always import them," she answered, demurely, and then both laughed.

That day, standing in Uncle Silas' parlor, they were married by the village clergyman. Just after the ceremony, before they started away, Lea put into her husband's hands a paper.

"It is my Christmas gift to you," she said.

"What do you mean, darling? You have given me the sweetest of all gifts."

"But this comes with me," she insisted.

Then Jack unfolded it. It was a legal document, setting forth in legal phrase, Jack Loring's legal claim to draw, with equal right an interest with Lea Loring, his wife, all income derived from an estate valued at half a million of dollars, belonging to Lea Danmore, by will of her deceased father, in her own right.

The man turned deathly white, but two soft, clinging arms crept about his neck.

"You won't love me less because I am an heiress?" she said. "It will be so much nicer to come to you for what I want. I only meant to try an experiment, Jack, but I found it worked two ways. You know Uncle Silas and Aunt Hannah are no relations in reality of mine. But the summer after papa's death I was very ill, and came here for quiet, and I learned to love it so that this year I came back. This is all. Will you forgive me that I tried you? I don't think I should have had the courage, but that I was so sure that you would meet the test."

But though, to do Jack Loring justice, for the moment he was more sorry than glad, he found no after-cause to regret that his married life entailed no sacrifice.

### Coming Spring Bonnets.

[New York Mail and Express.]

The shape of the new spring bonnets is medium. No bonnets so tiny as the small capotes which have been popular this winter, are shown, and no huge pokes like those of last season are thus far imported. The new bonnets are ornate with flowers and a plentiful mixture of gold tinsel. Colored straws in every shade and tint are shown in profusion. A season of flowers is predicted, and the dandelion is the flower of the season. Little clusters of the blossoms are mounted on the top rim of the bonnet, mixed with pompons and ribbon—or two shades of the flower in ribbon—the pale, lemon-like tint of the edge of the petals and the darker orange shade of the center of the blossom are used. An exquisite little cottage bonnet of Havana brown straw is trimmed on the brim with a mass of gold-colored pompons, ostrich tips, dandelions, flowers, buds and leaves, and a rosette-like bow of gold velvet at one side. Strings of gold velvet two inches wide finish the bonnet.

An exquisite poke bonnet of pale strawberry-pink straw has a band of velvet an inch and a half wide placed near the edge of the brim. A large bow of satin ribbon in strawberry color and in two widths, one an inch wide, the other two inches, is placed on the top of the rim and a cluster of long-stemmed dandelions is nestled at one side. The strings of the bonnet are double in two widths of the ribbon. Black lace spoken, with tiny capotes in ecrú lace and gold tinsel lace, are also offered among the first exhibitions of spring millinery.

### A Masher.

The word "masher," an Americanism to describe a man who glories in his ability to win the admiration of women, has come into use in London, where that kind of human being is plentiful. "He is a fungus," says the London Truth; "not an honest mushroom, or even a respectable toadstool, but a wet, spongy, and unwholesome emanation from a rotten and poisonous soil. Ridiculously overdressed, starched up to the very eyelids, smothered like a girl in jewelry, decked out with flowers like a footman, in conversation, with a knobbed stick to suck, he had become an observed form of social cold veal."

Doctors said I must die of consumption, but Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me. A. OXLEY, Highgate, Pa.

THE blood cannot properly perform its functions when loaded with impurities, because it is thick and sluggish; and every person needs at times something to cleanse and quicken the vital current. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla meets this want perfectly, and its discovery of this compound ranks as important in preparing the blood in a healthy condition, as does that of Wm. Harvey in demonstrating its circulatory action. Nothing else so vitalizes, purifies and enriches the blood as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is a perfect blood purifier, and it never disturbs the stomach, but greatly assists and promotes the digestion and assimilation of all nutrients, and increases their power to nourish and build the body. In renovating the blood it clears and quickens the intellect, and thus gives to both mind and body the power of long sustained, arduous and successful effort.—Coring, N. Y. Journal.

### MEDICAL.

Our watchful Guardian and Fatherly Protector restored to active duty again.

MR. HENRY A. WATERMAN, of the City of Providence, R. I., for many years the watchful and vigilant night watchman of the Providence Store Company's very extensive establishment, having been confined to his home several times by a very distressing illness, on resuming his duties again avails himself of this early opportunity for stating briefly a few plain facts.

#### MR. WATERMAN SAYS.

"A few months ago I was taken down with a severe sickness, which confined me to the house a long time, and much of the time I was very lame as to be unable to walk, and my leg, from the hip to the foot, became swollen, and I suffered extremely from the constant intense pains produced by so great inflammation; I was trying the various so-called remedies all the time, and was under the treatment of a physician seven weeks, but getting no relief. At this time an old time friend, a country officer, called upon me, and during our conversation informed me of the great benefits which he had obtained by the use of Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy, as he considered it a wonderful medicine. I commenced taking Hunt's Remedy, having very little faith that it would do much in such a stubborn case as mine, but my doubts were soon dispelled, for before I had taken one bottle I began to get better, the severe pains disappeared, the swollen leg gradually decreased in size, and I was encouraged to continue the use of the Remedy; and the improvement to my health continued, my appetite is good. I have gained my strength, and I am now performing again my duties as watchman at the Providence Store. Every night I go up and down stairs more than one hundred times, and am in good condition, and feel that my recovery is due to Hunt's Remedy alone. My severe sickness and terrible swollen leg was caused by the diseased state of my kidneys, and I think that it is a most valuable medicine that will so speedily relieve and cure such a severe case as mine. I therefore most cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all afflicted with Kidney Disease, as I know it to be a safe and reliable remedy."

"PROVIDENCE, Dec. 5, 1882."